

Somebody's Gotta Do It

The Roots

[Chorus]

Somebody's gotta be there when it gets ugly
Somebody's gotta be there when it gets bloody
Somebody's gotta get their hands dirty
Yo, it's a fucked up job but somebody's gotta do it

Somebody's gotta come up with a plan
And be there when the shit hits the fan
I hope y'all out there understand
Look man it's a fucked up job, but somebody's gotta do it

Yeah y'all, ideal for a lyrical perfectionist
Raw, that's what every soldier in my collective is
Thought, control level is that of a gold medalist
My level headedness make it come off so effortless

The rebel is a opposite extreme of devilish
Back setting it with the answer to your deficit
My track record is hot shit, consecutive
Smug, I got game just like a record executive

A kiss to the feminine girls loving a gentlemen
A genius slash gangsta with a skill for swindling
Bet on Black
Bet these cats that's all gelatin

Will fall back spittin' them raps that's unintelligent
Raps that cap, rabid rattlin' out the gattlin'
Crippling rhymes whistlin' past, blow you back in
Smellin' your blood now I'm huntin'

Blowin' your front in for frontin' what up cousin?
Oh, now it's nothin'
Yo, you can't go beyond a point of no returning
I flip like my name Turner

That's for certain nigga, Ted Turner, Nat Turner, nigger Ike Turner
The raw sojourner for truth
The mic burner

[Chorus]

Mic malevolence defies violence I inherited
Others just rentin' it like rooms at the Sheraton
I gotta jones like Vanessa in the devil in-
And y'all cold like a show in the Netherlands

Cold shoulders and frozen aortic valves -
So I don't form pals - conform to norms - morals different
Gifted - use it to shift shit a mutant shape shifter when I spit it I'm liqu
id
You could lick a million shots at the character of the body shell

They'll just ricochette nigga aura's hard as hell
Before there was ain't hard to tell
The mic's cycle coincided right with mine as well
Since a minor I walked with the spine upstraight

I learned to rhyme to feed the dinner plate
I scraped barrel - even dined up on wine and steaks
'Cause in the bone same marrow that apartheid chased
The narrow margin with the haves and the have nots

Will get smaller as I approach - so watch your stash box
Fox logo if your fave is local
Get bruised till you're the color of the Laker's logo
This is work niggers

[Chorus]

I made it - ain't nobody believe in me
But this rap game is like selling coke legally
Ain't no innovations - that takes concentration
Nigger's celebrating not knowing the time they wasting

Killin' mics is one of my aesthetics
Rip very live so I'm an entertainer like Cedric
Shit they play on radio's now give me a headache
Can't slow me down I know where I'm headed

The profit on kill if you let it
Nigger's feeling energetic
want to rumble - guns will come out
Here come the paramedics

I'm just trying to live like I've Devin
Tired of my people failin'
We all sin - the devil, what di I tell em
Somebody gotta get their hands dirty and shoes muddy

I see things vividly, y'all vision is blurry
Even if you hate - through my music you gone love
Everybody with me and they was with me when it was ugly

[Chorus]